

SR

student review

february 22, 1995 an independent forum for student thought



COMEDY AND THEN SOME

BY NIGEL TUFNAL

Student Review was so entranced by the beautiful Garren flyer girl at the Cougarreat, we decided to see the show. The Garrens started as a BYUSA club two years ago. Due to their tremendous success, they are now an independent comedy troupe. The goal of The Garrens, as explained by member Jason Ball, is to add to the beauty and complexity of the BYU environment. Another member, Dallin Gettling, hopes to affect the whole comedy perspective in Provo by keeping their comedy clean. We don't know if they will succeed in these lofty endeavors, but the comedy gurus of SR were delightfully enchanted with their show.

When we walked into the Tanner building we could feel comedy in the air. We entered the auditorium just as the fun was getting underway.

With calypso music playing, we felt as though we were one with the crowd. We cheered the troupe onto the stage. The show started with skits about the joyous BYU lifestyle. But, the fun did not stop there, for soon we were serenaded by the Garrens bumper sticker choir.

After the song, the group asked for various props from the crowd. One of our staff writers donated his clipboard in hopes that they might enjoy the feeling and aura of an SR clipboard. After many fine items were collected, the troupe turned around and was introduced to each of the items, one by one. With beautiful inspiration, the troupe improvised all of the possibilities of the encountered item. Although they did not tangle with the SR clipboard, I've never seen such amazing uses for a baby diaper.

The show was soon over, and we were all quite satisfied. Part of the fun for us was being in such a big and fun group. It made it easier to relax and enjoy the show. The troupe's performance lasted almost an hour and a half so seemed quite worth the \$2 ticket charge.

After the show, SR asked some of the other guests about their experience. It was sophomore Kaerlig Andersen's second visit to The Garrens. Commenting on one of the Garrens' skits, Kaerlig said, "It was just pure comedy." Scott Moore, a history major from Mission Viejo, California, remarked, "You can tell they're really funny people. They're definitely not just a bunch of ghost riders." SR also talked to a quite distinguished-looking fellow who came to the show alone. He wouldn't reveal his name, but told us that the intellectual humor really stimulated him.

So, if you feel the need for intellectual stimulation, or even if you just want to experience the beauty and complexity of the BYU lifestyle, we recommend you go see The Garrens. Their number is 379-8888 if you want show times or private performance.

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of Jesus Christ of Latter-day
Saints, or Joe's Mama.

A NOTE FROM YOUR CAMPUS LIFE EDITOR

Last month, when we had the first meeting of what would become the all-star Campus Life writing team, we discovered a common fascination with hair. Everyone had their own reasons. One of our staffers was an exceedingly hairy man, another had just come off a bad relationship with a hairy person. Yet another staffer had concerns about women's hair issues. And me? Well, I currently sport a beard, which is made entirely of hair.

From this first bonding session came what you now have before you: Student Review's first theme issue of the semester, the Hair Issue. In the tradition of Campus Life, we have tried to take a dignified and objective view of hair. We also tried to explore all the angles of this important subject that touches us all. Just in case Campus Life's coverage is not thorough enough for you, there are hair articles in other sections including (egad!) Religion.

While we are happy with the hair results of this issue, your Campus Life staff has not even begun to explore the fun and wacky issues of today. Look for a Campus Life "kissing" edition next week and a version of BYU Clue in the coming month. As long as it strikes us as odd, we will spend our time making fun of it using the two tools that have become a Campus Life hallmark: large doses of sugar and sexual tension.

If this sort of nonsense sounds like your kind of thing, feel free to become a part of the Campus Life family. We meet with the general Student Life body on Tuesdays at 7:00 p.m. in the Brimhall atrium. We also have the Super Special and Zany Campus Life Meeting on Thursdays at Mama's Cafe. It's also at 7:00 p.m. Remember, you're as funny as you think you are. Sort of.

Love and Hugs,

Matthew Workman

P.S. Campus Life would like to give special thanks to Dave Jenkins and Jon Armstrong, who helped us translate some IBM files at the last minute. Thanks guys, you saved our lives.

STAFF PERSON OF THE WEEK

The staffperson of the week is Miss Gabrielle Stanley, Art Goddess Extraordinaire and All Around Wonderful Human Being. Gabby is on the ball, consistently there with art and she stays until the very end of paste-up every week. And she provides general moral support, which is greatly needed and much appreciated. Gabby, you rock! Thank you for all of your hard work.

Pick up your copy of
Student Review

(in addition to various locations around the
perimeter of BYU campus)

at

Mama's Cafe, Warehouse (on 1230
N. and in the Mall), Harts (across from
Helaman Halls), Kent's Grocery, Juice-
n-Java, Greywhale CD, Smith's, Food 4
Less, Sonic Garden, The Underground,
Around UVSC campus, The Rock Gar-
den, Delicate Arch, The White House
(in Washinton D.C), Frederick Stake
Center Clerks office

WHAT THE HAIR

WILLIAM IDE

From the moment of birth, a straw covering made up of hundreds of follicles of hair roofs our heads. A covering that amazingly can convey a broad diversity of meaning. Just as hair naturally attaches to our heads (admittedly more for some than others) society and social groups attach meaning and beliefs to its appearance. The cultural, religious, and social meaning that we and others connect with hair reveals this diversity and displays the broad array of ways in which a man or woman may wear his or her hair.

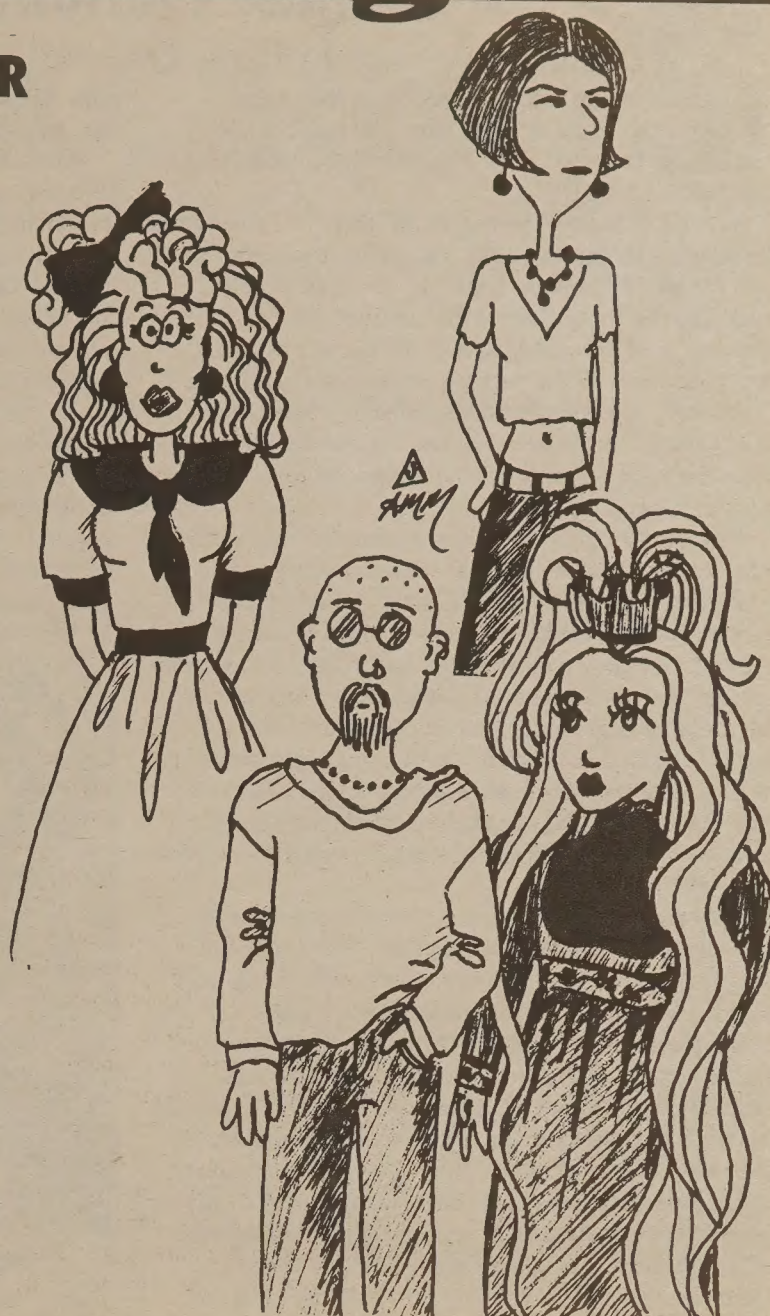
For example, Amish women grow their hair long but conceal it in a bonnet. To them hair possesses the glory of God and is not something that is to be publicly displayed. In American Indian culture, males find a source of manliness in hair and its length. It is an outward symbol of manliness and power. The Bible shows another example in Samson and Delilah. Samson could not cut his hair because it was his source of strength. When he did cut his hair, his strength was removed from him—quickly changing him from the Arnold Schwarzenegger of the Israelite world to a slender Mick Jagger. At the time of Christ, in another part of the Bible, there were those who were called Nazirites. Nazirites grew their hair and beards long as an outward symbol of a consecrated life. The growth of long hair said to those around them that they abstained from “wine, grapes, and every other intoxicating drink.” It also said that they were under strict command to avoid approaching bodies of the deceased.¹ Rastafarianism is another religious group that uses hair as a medium of separation from others. With the popularity of Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, Steele Pulse and other reggae artists, most people have seen dreadlocks and are at least familiar with their appearance. But why are they

grown? What is the symbolic meaning behind the lock? While this is not an all-inclusive principle, Rastafarians grow long dreadlocks and beards in the semblance of “Ethiopian warriors” and as an “symbol of authority.”² Once again behind this seemingly innocent head of hair is attached a belief system, a religious point of view, a belief about the world around us. Another fitting example of hair is that of the Buddhist monk. In the 42 chapters Sutra the Buddha taught, “In order to become a monk, shave off your hair and beard.” To the Buddhist monk, a clean-shaven mug and head was an outward sign of separation from the world. In Buddhist texts, the act of leaving family and friends behind was called “chujia,” which literally means to leave the home and family behind you. This literal separation was reflected in the removal of the monk’s hair. As his or her hair fell to the floor, so did the old life. In a simple sweep of clippers or razor a monk’s position in life and role in the world was then demarcated.

Hair may seem to be a simple thing, but when people and culture mess with it, it can become quite complicated. Hair is so closely linked to different meanings that it never will go unnoticed or unjudged. Everyone will inevitably draw their own conclusions about someone’s hair and the hair carrier’s philosophy of life (especially toward some of the possibly extreme styles mentioned above). But as the examples show, there are many ways to look at hair. Hair is just not cut and dry. And when we bring stereotypes into the picture it gets even worse. Whether it be a link between “Caesar cuts” and homosexuality, “bangs to heaven” and “Mollyism,” short-haired women and feminism, clean-cut greased look and a tendency towards pocket protectors, a

shaven head on a white male and white supremacy, long hair and drug addiction, hair seems to get tied up in beliefs more often than we may realize. As these stereotypes are then perpetuated on the wearer, whether knowingly or not, ignorance jumps on the bandwagon. But can you ever separate hair and the wearer? Can you say that a white male with a shaven head is not a racist? Can you say that a woman with short hair is not necessarily a feminist or lesbian? Can you say that the guy with long hair is not a druggie? Of course!

In the Bible there is an interesting story that suggests a perspective for this question. When Samuel was seeking a righteous man to be king and Saul had failed, the Lord sent Samuel out to find someone new. The Lord said to Samuel, “Look not upon his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as a man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart” (1 Samuel 16:7). This truth is easier read than done. The counsel given to Samuel points out something very important and integral in human relations: beyond the first impression lies a second one. And while the first may hedge up the second impression and blind us to other people’s true nature, it is important to dig beyond what our eyes see and what society teaches us to see. There are many things about others that may blind us to reality. Do they blind us from truly realizing what other people are and who they are? As the examples of hair in different cultures show, there is great meaning in hair. Hair is not just the stuff that grows down off the crown of our heads. It is an extension of ourselves which can easily be misinterpreted. So, if others lack the insight and knowledge of our personal



thought processes they may be misled into a judgment which is false.

So grow your hair anyway you see fit! But at the same time don’t expect others to accept you as you please. Ian Mackcaye (singer for Fugazi and Minor Threat) asks, “why can’t I walk down the street, free of suggestion?” Why? Because, whether you like it or not, you are in essence a walking symbol and those around you are your interpreters. Appearance, actions, and words are a reflection of our innermost beliefs. Much like a smoke screen we carry with ourselves, we stick it upon all whom we come into contact with. Hopefully in your case and mine,

those people around you have the depth and patience to at least try to see beyond your hair and peek into the deep which is your heart; the place where the true individual lies—the individual who is reflected only impartially by her hair, racial background, appearance, and the sometimes crude tool of language.

“I will grow my hair long, my hair long an extension of my soul I will grow my hair long!”

-The Cult

¹ Talmage, James. *Jesus the Christ*. p. 87-8.

² Obeah, *Christ and Rastaman*. p.83.

From the Horse's Mouth

Peculiar “doctrines” we’ve heard lately...

- 2 If a nuclear bomb were to fall on the Salt Lake Temple, it would not destroy it because of divinely inspired architecture.
- 2 If Jesus were to come today he would look exactly like Howard W. Hunter.
- 2 Handel wrote *The Messiah* in the pre-existence, then received it again by revelation.
- 2 You can’t feel the Spirit unless you are Mormon, in a Mormon church, or with a Mormon.
- 2 All angels that visit people come from Saturn.

We are resurrecting an old *Student Review* standby that was lost in the shuffle a year or so ago. *From the Horse’s Mouth* is a lighthearted exposure of the odd, perhaps mildly heretical doctrines that we all hear—whether in religious discussions with our roommates, in a class, or over the pulpit at testimony meeting. *Student Review* is dedicated to fighting apostasy in whatever form, so if you’ve heard something that didn’t sound quite right, send it to *Student Review* care of the Religion section, PO Box 2217, Provo, UT 84603. Or e-mail them to davy1@vax.byu.edu.

Wasatch Mountain Folk Alliance

Proudly Presents...

Steve Gillette & Cindy Mangsen
Kicking off the WMFA Season

Friday, February 24, 7:30 pm
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(1255 Park Avenue, Park City, Utah)

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Don’t miss their Utah appearance!
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SCIENCE FICTION: BYU'S OTHER UNDERGROUND

BY STEVE SETZER

It causes literary snobs to shudder, it makes the University just a little nervous, it moves closed-minded little old ladies to write indignant letters, and it's HERE AT BYU.

Science fiction and fantasy (sf&f) literature, cinema and art are alive and well at BYU. Two of the best-kept secrets at BYU are *The Leading Edge*, one of the most well-respected sf&f magazines in the industry, and *Life, the Universe, and Everything*, one of the premier academic symposia on sf&f. The past few weeks saw the printing of *TLE*'s 30th issue and the hosting of the 13th annual symposium. *Student Review* takes you into the depths of these fascinating worlds and the (otherwise quite ordinary) people who populate them.

Provo is generally considered a hotbed of new sf&f talent by editors at the national sf&f magazines and book publishers. Talented people from around here tend to be over-represented among the winners of the Writers and Illustrators of the Future contests, the premier competitions for new talent in the areas of science fiction and fantasy. *The Leading Edge* is nationally recognized by major authors and editors as one of the best small magazines of its kind, both for story quality and for design quality. In fact, *The Leading Edge* has helped launch the careers of several writers who are now nationally known, and several more who soon will be.

Why are fantasy and science fiction so popular at BYU, and why are BYU/Utah folk like Dave Wolverton, M. Shayne Bell, and Virginia Baker (not to mention up-and-comers like Susan Kroupa, James Jordan, Russell Asplund, Doug Jole, Eric Lowe, Melva Gifford, Scott Parkin...you get the picture) starting to make such a splash on the national scene? Maybe it just happened that way—a sort of literary drift, where success feeds success. Or maybe, as some have mused, the stark, alien beauty of Utah's desert landscape and our own alienness here leads inescapably to the sf&f themes of the alien, the stranger in a strange land. Or maybe there's something about sf&f that appeals to Mormons—the pioneer, can-do spirit, building the future rather than waiting for it.

Whatever the reason, a lot of Utahns write sf&f, and most of them have ties to the LDS Church and to BYU. Many of them were published in *The Leading Edge* early in their careers and have since moved on to professional publications. Several of them come back every year as special guests of the symposium.

Like any volunteer organization, both the magazine and the symposium always need staff—you can find them at the Humanities Publication Center (Crandall House West, a.k.a. "B-43," a few doors west of the carillon tower). The symposium committee usually meets on Saturdays at 1 p.m., although they are taking a break for a few weeks now. The magazine always meets on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30 p.m. and Saturday mornings at 10:30 a.m. While the two organizations are not the same, there is some overlap in the personnel, and you can generally find some things out about one group by attending a meeting of the other. So, if you're at all interested, show up at the Publication Center (careful, though, or they'll put you to work). You can call 378-2546 for more information.

LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND EVERYTHING

For decades science fiction and fantasy fans have been holding conventions or "cons" that are as much party and costume competition as convention. For centuries scholars have been holding long, dry symposia on every academic topic under the sun. *Life, the Universe, and Everything* combines the best of both—a serious look at facts and issues in every academic area imaginable combined with a fun

time. LTUE 13, held February 1-4, 1995 in the ELWC, was no exception.

In a classic typo, an on-campus publication once referred to "BYU's symposium on life, the universe, and everything," and they weren't so far from the truth. Annually students, alumni, and friends of BYU gather for a four day celebration of speculative literature, art, cinema, and music, with some way-out science thrown in. Over the years some of the most famous authors in sf&f have graced the ELWC.

This year's Guests of Honor, Patricia McKillip and Lois McMaster Bujold, are two of the most well-respected and well-loved authors in the business. Those who attended the symposium found both Ms. McKillip and Ms. Bujold to be open, friendly, and willing to share of themselves, their experiences, their ideas, and their autographs.

What kind of serious stuff? Well, start with two of



today's most popular authors talking about writing and how to succeed at it. Add in artists Néné Thomas and Leonard Parkin, game designer Richard Garfield, musician Mike Liebmann, noted critic and poet Michael Collings, staff members from the Christa McAuliffe Space Education Center (in Pleasant Grove, Utah!) and scholars from all over campus, and you had a pretty good chance of finding something for everybody. Papers and lectures on sf&f elements in Melville and Hawthorne, on Kipling's influence on modern sf&f writers and readers, and on horror in *Paradise Lost* were complemented by panel discussions of censorship, the illustration market, and sf media in education. And that was just a small sample of the over 50 hours of insightful events. Many of the papers will be published in the annual proceedings volume, which should be available by December—contact the symposium committee for more information.

How about an art show featuring works by (among others) the Brothers Hildebrandt, Leonard Parkin, Néné Thomas, James Christensen, and Darren Albertson, as well as up-and-comers like Bryan Lee Durfee? All of it is beautiful, gorgeous art, some of which you've probably seen on calendars, prints, or book covers.

How about hands-on poetry and writing workshops? How about a slide show, with appropriate commentary, on key Arthurian sites in and near Cornwall? Most of all, how

about Mormons and non-Mormons, atheists and believers of all stripes (including at least one New York Jew from L.A.), liberals and conservatives (and some truly unclassifiable folks) sitting and sharing the things they love, without rancor or fear of ridicule?

What kind of fun? How about filk singing—people singing together fantasy and science fiction lyrics set to folk and popular music—till all hours? In true filking, the audience and the singers are the same. How about medieval weapons demonstrations? How about a continuously running movie room, with old sf classics and mind-blowing Japanese animation? How about the final concert of *Idiots on Guitars* (don't worry—it was also the first concert for *Warren Trenchcoat*, a band that looks and sounds suspiciously like *IdG*)?

If you missed it, there's always next year. *Life, the Universe, and Everything XIV* will be held starting January 31, 1996 in the ELWC. It's free to all. Guests have not yet been announced but will be the same caliber as this year's (and, for that matter, previous years' guests). *Student Review* will keep you posted. As mentioned, if you'd like to help, they're always interested in volunteers, especially students interested in the academic and writing areas.

THE LEADING EDGE

The Leading Edge magazine, a publication of BYU, is one of the roots of our community's current ascendance in the sf&f area. It has been continuously published for over 13 years now, thanks mostly to the sweat and determination of its all-volunteer staff. As noted, a lot of local writers and artists get their start at the magazine, either as contributors, staffers, or both. A lot of staffers have also parleyed the magazine experience into professional jobs as editors, artists, and desktop publishers.

The Leading Edge is a semi-professional magazine, in that it pays one cent per word (professional rates, by contrast, are usually three to eight cents) and contributors are paid but staffers are not—not even the executive editor is paid in anything other than pizza.

It's been called the "gem of the small press," in a country where there are literally hundreds of small-press science fiction and fantasy magazines. For local staffers, *The Leading Edge* offers real-world experience in magazine production that's hard to get anywhere else. For authors, at least two people read every manuscript and supply written comments and suggestions (staffers, too, find that their own writing improves as they critique the submissions of others).

There's always room on the TLE staff, and people from all majors and the community at large are welcome. If you like to read, come read and give comments on the stories submitted. If you like to write, try submitting a story, poem, or nonfiction article. If you'd like to gain marketable skills in areas such as editing, proofreading, computer production, advertising, management, and publishing, show up, and they'll put you to work. Stay a month or two and you're likely to find yourself on the executive board.

Issue 30 is now available in the BYU Bookstore. (If Shannon Grover is on duty in the fiction area, say hi—she's a key member of the *TLE* staff). See the next page for a few snippets from Issue 30 to whet your appetite.

Steve Setzer is a graduate of BYU, a former executive editor of *The Leading Edge*, and a former chair of the symposium committee. He currently works as a technical writer and edits the annual *Deep Thoughts: Proceedings of Life, the Universe, and Everything* volumes. His wife, Lee Ann Layton Setzer, is a faculty member at BYU and a former executive editor of *The Leading Edge*. Their son, Tom, will probably join the magazine or symposium sometime after he gets out of diapers.



A She and I were once
on the brink
of everything
right as it was happening.
I let go first
she seemed to follow
in a way that left me
taking half the blame.
I know the splitting
ways of women
so I never stopped
for anything
that I was used to
whether false
or true.

FOR A BROTHER
We can keep the bees
almost dead
just by being cold.
I told father
and he believes
none of this.
I told him
how we keep them
stopped on the ledges
of the shed,
but they could
wake up and move
anytime once they warm.

After the bees
stayed stopped
and their whole bodies
turned black
I think you wanted to die.
I remember the cold bones
of your face
over the bees
telling me
how they could die anytime,
how the shed
kept them alive and still

just by not being too cold,
but it couldn't do it always.
You would blow
across their wings
making their backs
the widest parts about them.
They hardly ever woke
after November
and we always left them
with the backs up
ready to fly.
Whether they intended to
or not.

LUNCHTIME POLL

BY EMILY ASPLUND

Thank you for your positive response to this feature, formerly known as the *Weekly Survey*. Someone even called and said he liked last issue's band name survey, and suggested that we go all the way in our stealing of this idea from *Heathers* and call this the *Lunchtime Poll*. So since SR is a democratic sort of publication that one phone call constitutes a majority, and this feature is now called *Lunchtime Poll*.

They tell me that this issue is devoted entirely to the wonderful subject of hair. In accordance with that theme the question I posed to all those I came in contact with was "Who is your favorite hair celebrity?" (or words to that effect).

Before I get into the actual list of answers I'm afraid I have to do a preamble. I apologize; some other people who commented on last issue's survey said, basically, that they wished I would shut up and get right down to the list. It is, I'm afraid, one of the inevitabilities of publishing that there is never enough stuff to print. That's where I come in, filling in the empty space with my boring preamble. Just deal with it.

So, what is it about hair? Why did Julia Roberts go into hiding and marry Lyle Lovett right after she cut her hair off (or was it the other way around)? Why did INXS start to suck right after Michael Hutchence got that Steve McQueen hairdo? Where is Cyndy Lauper?

In all seriousness, hair seems to carry a great deal of significance. My friend Suzanne, for example, cut off all her hair on her mission when her mother wrote her to say she was leaving her father. Suzanne said that cutting her hair made her feel independent and gave her a sense of control over her own life. Another friend cut off all her long hair and dyed it white when she committed a certain act of love and couldn't handle the guilt. She said her hair had formerly been a symbol of her purity. The Nazarite order, whose most famous members were Samson and Bob Marley, take a vow to never cut their hair and to view it as a symbol of their devotion to God. Hair is apparently the cultural symbol of choice.

Hair is especially conducive to symbolism because of two basic properties: it is immediately visible, and it grows back. Suzanne could have rebelled in some other, more private way, but for her specific rebellious purposes visibility was important. Because hair is visible it is useful for identifying ourselves with certain social or religious or ethnic groups. As we watch Ziggy Marley's hair get longer, for example, we know that he is a "dreadlock rasta" and can place him in a specific cultural group.

The other great thing about hair is that it grows back. The friend who cut off her hair in shame let it grow back when she felt she had repented of her sin. She used her hair as a scapegoat; she put her sin into it and cut it off, and her new self grew back in its place. In this way hair is related not only to ideas of redemption but also to fertility and generative powers, and thus femininity. This is perhaps why men with long hair are desirable to women but unacceptable to society. This might also be the reason baldness is so stigmatized. Baldness might be a symbol of death, lack of regeneration, a halting of the cycle of rebirth and repentance and grace. My friend Matt says this is bunk. But he's bald.

Well, enough of these deep thoughts. As you look over this list ponder the significance of the hairstyles people like and the meaning of your own hair preferences. I have divided up the list into loose categories for your convenience.



Long 'n Curly

Nicole Kidman (who sweeps the poll with eight votes)
 Helena Bonham-Carter (two votes, and I've heard it's partially fake—nobody can have hair like that)
 *Julia Roberts (someone told me she wore a wig in *Pretty Woman*)
 Deanna Troi ("she just has that huge mass of perfect spiral curls")
 the chick who's a fish with long blond hair (i.e. Darryl Hannah)
 *Meg Ryan in *Sleepless in Seattle*
 Cher (duhh, total wigs)
 Michael Hutchence
 *Michelle Pfeiffer
 *Andie MacDowell
 Reba McEntyre
 Eddie Vedder
 Daniel Day-Lewis (I whole-heartedly agree)

Non-Long 'n Curly—Women

Jane Seymour (don't ask me)
 Jacqueline Smith (Farrah Fawcett didn't make it. Neither did Bos)
 *Wynona Ryder
 *Demi Moore's short hair
 *Cindy Crawford

SEE "POLL" ON PAGE 10

EXCERPTS FROM THE LEADING EDGE MAGAZINE

BYU'S VERY OWN SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY PUBLICATION
 (SEE PRECEDING PAGE FOR THE LOW DOWN ON SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY AT BYU)

FROM "THERE IS A SEASON" BY SCOTT R. PARKIN

The road in front of our house is a long, straight lane that extends like a line as far as the eye can see in either direction. To the west is Landers, the mining town that provides us with most of our smithing jobs. To the east is Harrison, the county seat. Between is nothing but flat, open countryside dotted by the occasional home and stand of trees.

But the road I stood on now twisted among rolling hills. Lush growth covered the ground, and the wide dusty road had dwindled to a narrow path through the grass. A massive, full moon hung in the cloudless evening sky and cast a brittle white light over the scene so that everything was illuminated as if by day, but with no warmth, no depth.

I had found the place of magic.

I turned back and picked my way through the trees toward the distant fire. I could see two men standing on either side of the fire talking. The flames leapt and danced, but there was something wrong about it. It took me a moment to realize what disturbed me: there was no sound. The lush countryside screamed of life, but there was no sound of it. No endless chattering of crickets or shrieks of night birds. No rush of rodents through the brush or clacking of locusts rising out of the grass. Even the smell of nature was gone—only the scent of my own sour sweat came to my nostrils. It was as if the whole scene was dead, illuminated by the sterile light of a cold moon, the form of nature but none of its substance. Only the gentle rush of a light breeze kept the scene from being an alien nightmare.

I crept close and saw Wolf and my father talking. Their voices carried clearly through the still night.

"...go elsewhere. Why come across half a world?" Father asked.

Wolf shook his head. "You know better than anyone else what brings me here, Fridjof. I have been led here; here is where I must be."

"But there must be others. Surely you can try them first."

"The world is changing," Wolf said. "There are so few left who believe, and even fewer who are willing to act on that belief. Franz is one of those."

Father's voice was intense. "Find another. He is my only son."

FROM "FORWARD MOMENTUM: AN INTERVIEW WITH LOIS McMASTER BUJOLD"

TLE: You're trying to communicate, but when you sit down alone at the keyboard—

LMB: You have no idea what you're saying. Right. I'm very much of the school that says that reading is a collaborative process. It's not just the writer doing this—the reader takes the words and makes them into the final product. So the stuff that's on the page, when the final book is finished and lying on the table, isn't really the book. It's not a book until somebody reads it. Then it becomes the art form that it's meant to be. I never get to see my final art form, because it exists only in the thoughts of the reader. It's a little strange, but it seems to work.

TLE: It's almost a performance art, at a distance.

LMB: Yes. In a kind of prerecorded way. It is, because the reader is performing, as well. The reader is a collaborator. I use a lot of test readers to see if what I'm saying is what I think I'm saying—if I'm getting across what I mean to get across, or if it's not working in some way. I'm not one of these writers who clutches the thing to their chest and keeps it out of sight until it's all finished. I test each link as I go along to make sure it works.

FROM "SIBLING RIVALRY" BY ANTHONY G. FRANCIS, JR.

My own daughter was trying to kill me for daring to have a son.

The rest of the team was dead; of that, I was sure. There was no sign of life behind the steel shutters that sealed Lab One, and the swirling halon gas would kill them by slow suffocation. It was no accident; there were complex safeguards to prevent the security shutters from trapping employees, and even more safeguards to prevent the fire-suppressant system from killing the sleeping victims of the intruder control gas. Nicole knew full well what she was doing, even for a three-year-old, and now she was trying to kill me.

The smooth glass of the monitor shattered above me, and I flinched in my hiding place beneath the desk. That had been a foolish gesture; I knew intellectually that Nicole controlled the phones, but I had hoped that perhaps I could hack or phreak my way in, to either get to Nicole or to the phone company itself. It was a good idea; if I got Nicole, it was all over, and if I phreaked the Company, the Phone Cops would ride to the rescue so fast that it'd make my head swim. Either way, it would be solved.

Nice plan, but Nicole knew all that. First of all, she had no intention of letting me call out; I couldn't get an outside line to pull my Captain Midnight trick. Second, she had no intention of letting me get to her, and without an active terminal my backdoor password didn't mean a damn thing. Third, she had every intention of killing me, and to that end she had simply jacked up the sync frequency of my workstation screen until it exploded.

To find out what happens next, you'll have to go to the BYU Bookstore.

Campus Life



GOOD

BY CLARK MCBRIDE

HAIRY MEN

BAD

BY HEATHER B. HAMILTON

Mom constantly told me she found Tom Selleck extremely attractive. I asked what it was about him that she and many other women admired, and she explained to me that it was his manly chest. By manly she meant hairy. By hairy she meant, "See darling, if Tom Selleck can be a sex symbol despite his overabundance of body hair, you can too." What she meant to do was build me up despite my genetic disorder that marked me pre-Mesolithic, but what happened was that cruel twist of reality that is the superficiality and lack of practicality among this female populace. What I'm going to say is that us big, hairy, handsome men are sick and tired of getting a bum rap.

We're sickened by those supposedly clever Ross commercials that have a lady saying, "You can have a nice warm wool sweater for \$20 or you can have yourself a hairy man." The man in the commercials is a stud of course, mostly because of his bountiful supply of chest hair. However, the woman in the commercial, who's obviously a peroxide dependent, leers and acts nauseous as the man expresses his rockin' coolness with his shirt off and his leather pants showing his prodigious package (that all hairy men have I might add.)

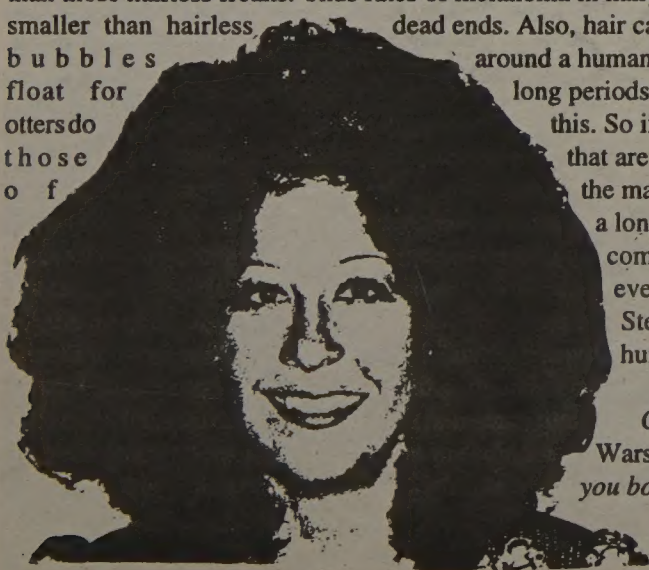
But I digress into opinion based on scientific hypothesis (my own scientific hypothesis). Now on to the practical reasons why any women at BYU should be dying to get a hold of that certain someone with Herculean chest hairs and pelt-like tissues.

Let's look at why hair exists. Well, in the Arctic Circle, polar bears have hair on their toes to keep them from freezing to the ice. In the civilized world, real men have hair to keep their women warm in case they get trapped over the Donner Pass. It is a well established fact that if one is suffering from a strong spell of coldness she should plead to her hairy man to undress her and himself and wrap himself around her so that she may survive the night. If the cold is of a lethal nature she can then use her light saber and gut her hairy man and crawl into his belly and enjoy a smelly but warm blizzard.

Next thing to look at is Hollywood. As I stated before, Tom Selleck is Magnum P.I. and as Magnum he gets to drive around in a Ferrari, swim on the beach, and bed leggy supermodels. But he's not the only one. What about Alec Baldwin or any of the Baldwin brothers for that matter? Have you ever seen a movie where they haven't gone all the way because of their hairy manly chest? I think not. On the flip side, the hairless wonder crowd is represented by total social geeks like Jim Carrey, Michael Jackson and Dan Rather. None of them could get a kiss from a woman to save their lives. (Or a man, for that matter.)

Lastly, look into the future you short sighted beauties and see those hairless men you dated either die of skin cancer or get taken out to sea by the tide. It's a little known fact that men with ample hair repel the UV rays at a much higher constant than those hairless freaks. Thus rates of melanoma in hairy men are distinctively smaller than hairless dead ends. Also, hair can be used to collect air bubbles around a human body or any body and float for long periods of time. Apparently sea otters do this. So if you choose to neglect those follicles that are follicly superior examples of the male species be prepared for a long widowhood and don't come crying to Oprah, because everyone knows that Steadman is a hairy hunka hunka love.

Clark has the whole Star Wars trilogy on video. He'll let you borrow them if you ask.



My ex-boyfriend used to have frightening nose hairs. Hairs that would stretch their bristly follicle bodies out the enormous passageway of his nostrils to the tip of his upper lip. Hairs that could be braided if he missed a day or two of vigorous pluckage. He also had some other unsavory habits that shouldn't be detailed in a "family paper." However, he had a magnificent redeeming quality that made it all worthwhile. Ryan (notice: name has been changed because it seems that every girl has a "Ryan" story) had the slickest, shiniest, baldest chest in all of the hairless world. So glossy was his chest that when he stood shirtless facing a mirror, one could see into eternity. Ryan's shimmering thoracic cavity was indeed the only reason our acquaintance survived those three long months.

Although my man happened to have an abundance of nasal septum cilia, I did not equate his affliction to the offensive stigma of the typical hairy man. When the allusion to a "hairy man" is sounded in a crown of conscientious women, the image is a hodgepodge of tangled fuzzy backs, downy breasts, lawn-like legs, and burly buttocks. Sorry boys, we like our men bulging and bodily bald.

Imagine a hairy man in a wet white t-shirt. Mmm mmm good. It's about as enticing as a

phlegm-coated hairball regurgitated by an alley cat. Want another appetizing image? Try imagining one of those brawny buttock types basking on the beach, his tresses sprightly spilling out the back of his Speedo. I had a hairy man in my swimming class last year, and after too many calls from the filter-lady, our instructor made him wrap a swim cap from his neck down past his nether regions. It was blue and he looked like one of those heat 'em up gel packs used to soothe sore muscles.

If you ever ask a hairy man, "Hairy man, what is the essence of life?" you will witness the almost cat-like simplicity that apparently comes with an abundance of hair. He'll lick his palms, mat his head like a self-bathing beast, and bark a series of consonants that only those in the dog whistle world can decipher. Sometimes you can make out the words "moisturizing conditioner" and "love my carpet."

Imagine Soloflex ads for the hairy man: "These could be your sodded shoulders. This could be your chia chest, this, somewhere underneath that brillo jungle of fuzz, could be your back." That would make me want to spend money.

Even though hairy man are efficient at straining pasta with their bellies and at scrubbing soap scum with their bare hands, we'd rather cuddle with something less versatile than an SOS pad. We

encourage you beastly men to wax, epi-pluck, tweezer, or weed-whack the deformities, or to take long baths in deep tubs of Nair. Thank you.

Heather, despite rumors to the contrary, has never dated a Nazarete.



HAIR IN THE NEWS

(REVIEW NEWS SERVICES)

A new art exhibit showing some of the great masters of mythology reveling in full body hair has already caused an uproar in the HFAC before it has even been unveiled. The exhibit features the apparent nude bodies of Einstein, Adam, Hercules, Michelangelo's David, and David Letterman.

"It's not that they're nude," said Dea Avigadro, a senior in flatulence mathematics, "it's that they all have so much body hair that it's hard for the truth to come out." By the truth coming out he meant that those men who don't possess ample body hair may realize that they are actually a genetic dead end. These facts have been supported and published by several underground scientific research organizations, but have been quieted due to the domination of hairless political leaders lead by such notorious dictators as Hillary Rodham Clinton and Nancy Reagan.

The creator of the exhibit, 24-year-old Sean Steiner from the Louisiana swamp lands, described this commotion as, "A bloody stain against the facts of human nature by the easily controlled masses of *bovophiles* that comprise the BYU administration. Just because President Rex E. Lee won't deal with male maturity doesn't mean that modern art should have to suffer." Steiner is seeking legal counsel from the ACLU of Utah concerning this situation. Steiner hopes to address some important concerns about the Art Department's dependence on the administration, especially since the revelation that President Rex E. Lee is said to be as "hairless as a nectarine" by his high school buddies.

ONE MAN'S FASCINATION WITH HAIR

BY MATTHEW ANDERSEN

Hair is the most amazing thing. It affects all mankind. If we want respect, we grow chops, if we go psycho and hope to kill a lot of people, we cut our hair short and comb it down in pure Caesar style. When we see an afro, we get a warm feeling in our heart.

I currently sport an afro of the fine variety. Although on first glance some think I've snuck out of an asylum, I think I get a lot of respect because of my do. Girls like to touch it and feel it. Some fellows get really nervous when I'm around. I think they just feel such awe. Sometimes I like to lie down and stroke it as I think about my favorite cartoon character: Shee-ra.

I once grew out my whiskers in Abe Lincoln style. When I came back to school, all my teachers thought I was amazingly honest. It made me a bit afraid because I had always felt like somewhat of a shady character, so I shaved it quickly.

My dad is partial to chops. He has some powerful facial-cutting monsters. I do not know how he does it. Somehow they just come in like weeds. My dad has always told me that chops are the key to his success. He gets such amazing respect.

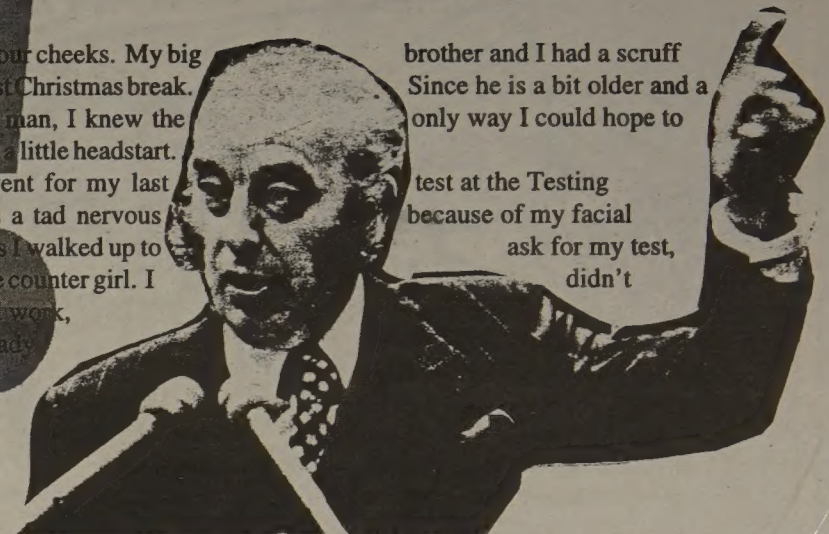
My dad doesn't get the kind of respect reserved for a loving bishop, but more the fear and admiration for a Machiavellian ruler. Once during Sunday School, the topic of discussion was getting a bit off the beaten path. My masculine thing of a father slowly stood to his feet. The racket stopped. True to his well-earned reputation he quietly rebuked the group. With all heads bowed, the Sunday School teacher continued without any more discussion.

Fellows at BYU will do anything to get their whiskers past standards. You lasses out there may not understand, but we just don't feel like real men unless we can flaunt our

manliness on our cheeks. My big contest this last Christmas break. bit more of a man, I knew the win was to get a little headstart.

When I went for my last Center, I was a tad nervous about growth. So, as I walked up to I winked at the counter girl. I think it would work, for as we already know, my manliness is lacking. But, right after I gave her that passionate wink and smile she coyly evaded my gaze during the rest of our encounter. I think she was nervous I might ask her out. Thus, I escaped with my manliness intact, and beat the pants off my brother.

Hair is a sacred thing. I hope we all learn to give it the respect it deserves. Sometimes at the open-air showers of the RB I feel a silent reverence for those few real men of the world with the all-over fur. So to you real men, and to all those who sport transcendent dos I bow and offer my homage.



brother and I had a scruff Since he is a bit older and a only way I could hope to

test at the Testing because of my facial ask for my test, didn't

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

MY NIGHT WITH A HAIRY MAN

ANONYMOUS

There once was a guy from Lehi He became the apple of my eye Nate* was his name, I seem to remember We met during finals in the month of December

He was so good-looking and kind A sweeter man you couldn't find He took me out to Carousel And made me forget how evil is male

A special spirit was on our first date When hands we held at Movies 8 And later as we approached my front door I had some hope I would soon score

But as I turned my face, starry-eyed, up to him I saw something disturbing right down by his chin A few dark hairs were peeking out of his collar So I pulled away and I started to holler

He never called back and I'm not sure why But I sure am glad to be rid of that guy

*names have been changed to protect the hairy.



BEARD CARDS FOR WOMEN, A MODEST PROPOSAL

BY CANDICE STEWART

I believe BYU's Administration has tried to help ease the pain of student life in Provo. But despite Administration's efforts, an important issue has been overlooked: Beard Cards for women. In the past there has not been a need for a woman's Beard Card because facial hair has traditionally been associated with the male species, but this is no longer the case; on campus there is a growing number of women who find facial hair removal just too expensive, time consuming, or annoying. "I am not ashamed of my facial hair," one woman says, "I just wish Administration would look at this—not as an alternative lifestyle—but as a common occurrence among ordinary men—I mean women—like myself."

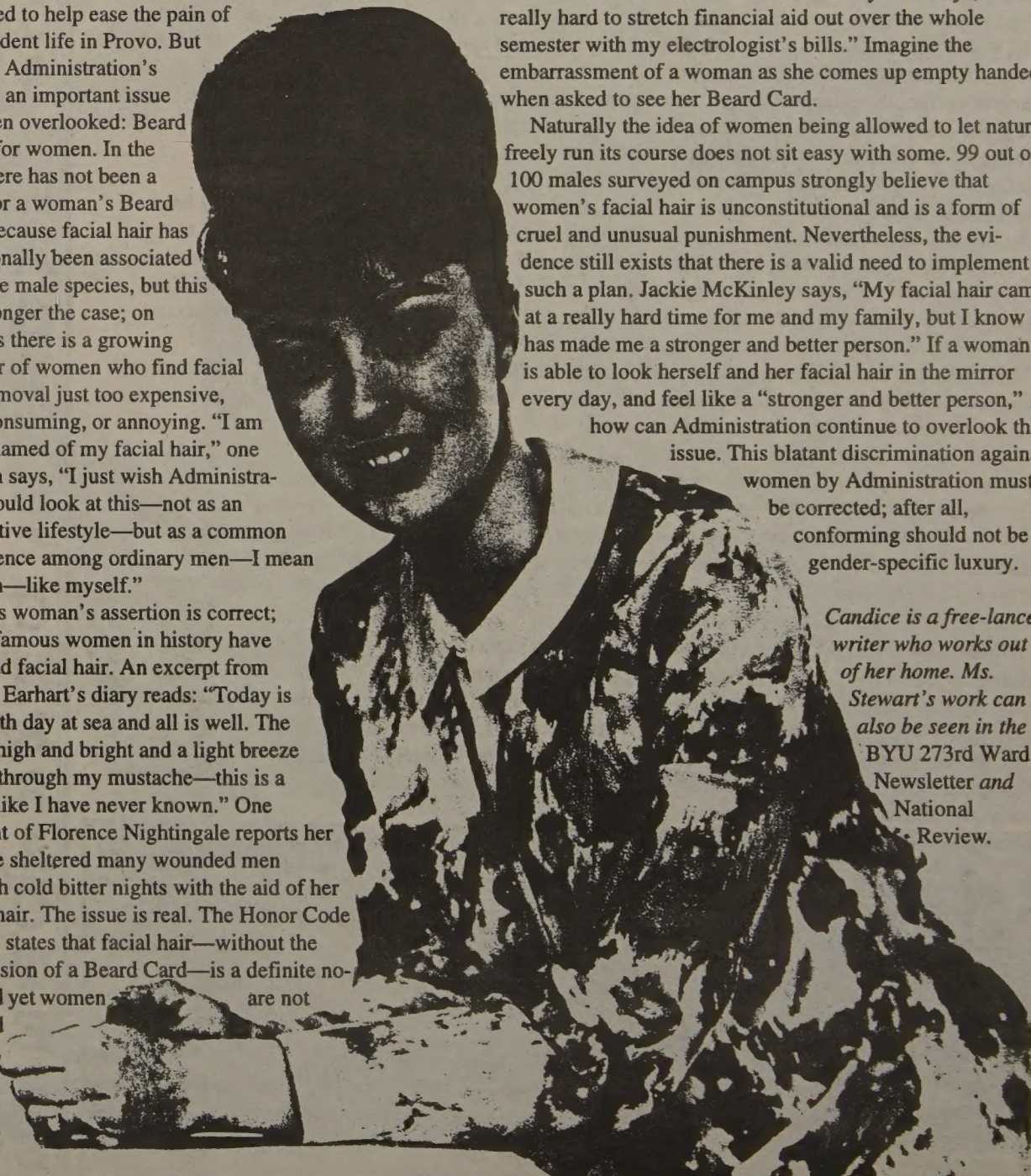
This woman's assertion is correct; many famous women in history have also had facial hair. An excerpt from Emilia Earhart's diary reads: "Today is my tenth day at sea and all is well. The sun is high and bright and a light breeze blows through my mustache—this is a peace like I have never known." One account of Florence Nightingale reports her to have sheltered many wounded men through cold bitter nights with the aid of her facial hair. The issue is real. The Honor Code clearly states that facial hair—without the permission of a Beard Card—is a definite no-no, and yet women are not offered the luxury of having one.

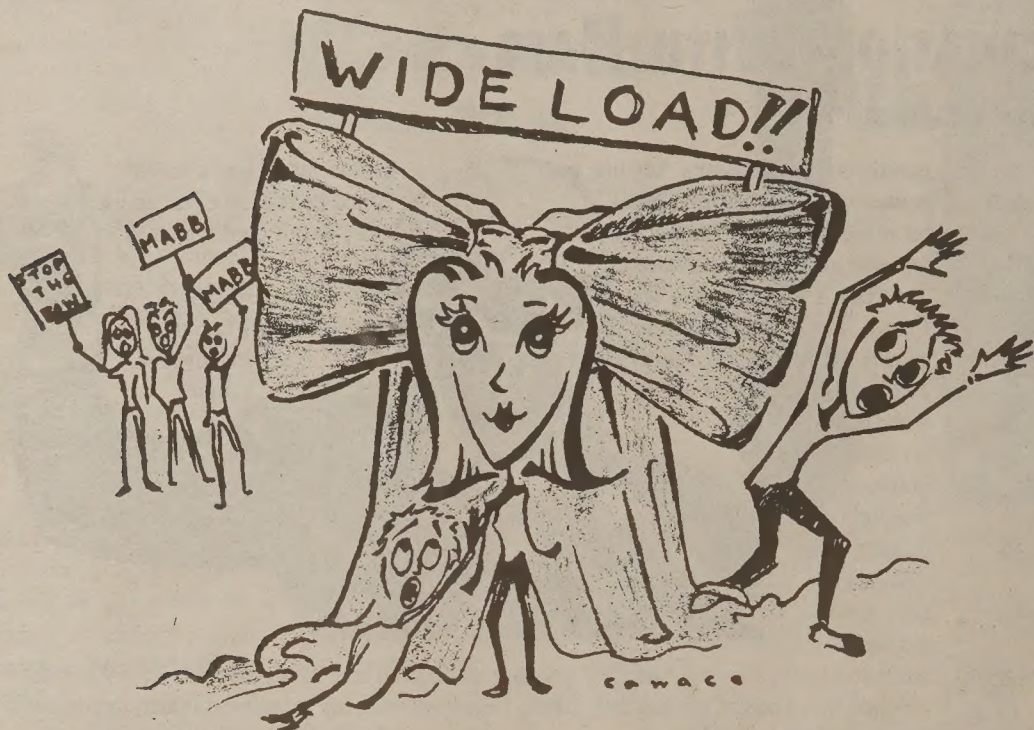
One woman who wishes to remain anonymous says, "It is really hard to stretch financial aid out over the whole semester with my electrologist's bills." Imagine the embarrassment of a woman as she comes up empty handed when asked to see her Beard Card.

Naturally the idea of women being allowed to let nature freely run its course does not sit easy with some. 99 out of 100 males surveyed on campus strongly believe that women's facial hair is unconstitutional and is a form of cruel and unusual punishment. Nevertheless, the evidence still exists that there is a valid need to implement such a plan. Jackie McKinley says, "My facial hair came at a really hard time for me and my family, but I know it has made me a stronger and better person." If a woman is able to look herself and her facial hair in the mirror every day, and feel like a "stronger and better person,"

how can Administration continue to overlook this issue. This blatant discrimination against women by Administration must be corrected; after all, conforming should not be a gender-specific luxury.

Candice is a free-lance writer who works out of her home. Ms. Stewart's work can also be seen in the BYU 273rd Ward Newsletter and National Review.





STUDENTS FOR A BOW-FREE CAMPUS

BY RACQUEL RANDALL

I can suppress my contempt for white socks and Texas, the brown leather braided belts, and the white slips that peak out of denim skirts. Disturbing as these fashions are, I hold my tongue. But I cannot and will not tolerate the big bow. I hereby propose that we accept this offensive behavior among BYU females no longer. It is an embarrassment to the University, and to the entire female gender.

Although they will deny it, BYUSA has received several threatening phone calls and letters from the national headquarters of M.A.B.B. (Mothers Against Big Bows), whose studies have proven that on BYU campus, 313% more females wear bows than on any other college campus. Apparently, the 1988 campaign slogan of "Friends Don't Let Friends Wear Big Bows" was virtually unheard of in Utah Valley, as sales here have increased by 30% for the last seven years. This twisted trend is both disruptive and dangerous for other students. Some bows are so big, they seem to take on a life of their own, assaulting other students or breeding with other bows and spawning offspring. It seems as though M.A.B.B.'s attempts to pass a law requiring bow-wearing offenders to sit in the back of classrooms so as not to obstruct the vision if innocent students were unsuccessful here in Utah County, once again due to BYUSA opposition.

Why is it that BYU females continue to adorn themselves with these hideous bows? Why have they not realized that these accessories are not only unflattering to themselves, but dangerous to others? Do they think that the bigger the bow, the more spiritual they are? Is it a secret combination of the Relief Society Homemaking presidents? Is it something in the water fountains at the McKay building? I lay awake at night, unable to sleep for fear I'll be plagued with my recurring nightmare of being suffocated by a big bow and I wonder WHY WHY WHY?? Why do they wear them?

These questions remain unanswered in my mind, but there is NO question about the fact that these bow-wearing offenders must be stopped before they take over the entire campus or move on to conquer some innocent third-world country!

It's up to each and every one of us who do not support these growths on our heads to bring this campus into an era of bow-free peace and tranquillity. In reality, we are really doing bow wearers a favor. If they try to wear these bows out in the real world they will undoubtedly be met with hostility and social rejection. Perhaps we could convince the offenders to use these bows as sponges or dishrags... or better yet as toilet paper. And if they can't handle those simple suggestions, we must resort to forceful and more Machiavellian methods. We must cut out the middleman and go right to the source. As Wayne Campbell of Cable 10 would say, "Use violence if necessary."

We must be united in our efforts if we are to succeed, for in unity there is strength (*deutschland deutschland uberallis!!*—Dave). Together, we must pillage the apartments, condos, and dorms, forcefully retrieving the bows. Then, we must deposit the booty in the middle of campus and set fire to it. Besides being good clean family fun, this bow burning fest will put an end to the heinous trend.

So please, I petition you to join in my crusade. Together, as Students for a Bow-Free campus, we can make BYU a more safe, more attractive, and more socially acceptable place to live.

Racquel is usually not this angry.

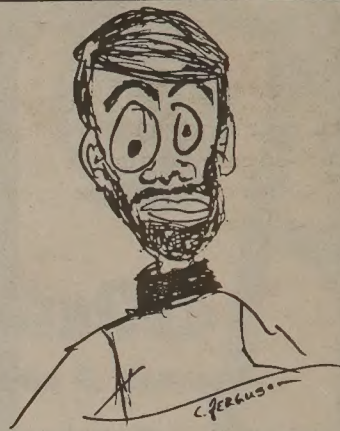
TOP 20

1. Bob Marley
2. PBS
3. Coke
4. Mexi Melts
5. painted toenails
6. glitter
7. jellybeans
8. "Beautiful"
9. afros
10. Christopher Walken
11. Altoids
12. Melanie Griffith
13. Hate Club
14. Stevie Wonder
15. Taoism
16. quesadillas
17. hair
18. Picasso's derriere
19. funny stuff
20. heroes

BOTTOM 10

extra small jocks,
Court TV, phone
bills, mandatory
attendance, hair,
nightmares about
Niles, sugar lows,
carwalks, winter
reruns, setbacks

MATTHEW WORKMAN'S WASTED CHARACTERS



THE BEARD HAS SPOKEN

I went nuts and decided to grow a beard last month. It started as the annual festival of manliness known as the Don't Shave Over Christmas Vacation Gala. Most men have some sort of ritual like this. Competition is a big part of manhood and nothing is off limits. While in high school, my friends and I once spent an afternoon drinking tall glasses of water and trying not to pee, because a large bladder is obviously a sign of superior manhood. I have also seen males have contests to determine who could eat the most Twinkees, who could produce the lowest heart rate on a coin-operated machine in the mall, and who could go the longest without showering. I even knew one guy who accepted a \$20 challenge to not kiss anyone for a full year. (It didn't work, he lost with just 2 hours to go until the one-year mark.)

My point is that men spend the majority of their lives involved in some sort of contest and the beard contest is the annual one among my peer group. It's a good contest because it reaffirms the manhood of my friends and gives everyone an opportunity to make fun of Clay, who can only grow this goofy little beard that makes him look just like Shaggy from *Scooby-Doo*.

This year our beard contest had a unique result. All my roommates had buckled to parental pressure and shaved right before returning to Provo. So I won. This was very important because it meant that I was not only a better beard-grower than my roommates, but a better person too. I knew I had to keep the beard.

Through a set of circumstances that I will explain in an upcoming column, I found myself able to keep my beard for a limited time. Finally I could feel like a renegade when on campus. I had visions of Ernest Wilkinson chasing me across campus and asking me why I was a member of the Socialist Club. (History Moment: Wilkinson's dislike of the Socialist Club in the 1960s is the reason for BYU's beard policy, really!) If nothing else, having a beard caused me to reflect on how odd our beard policy is. Why do we still prohibit facial hair? It's not like having a beard makes you a bad person. Well, it does cause some changes in your life.

First, my roommates have been resentful of my superior beard-growing ability and have not forgiven me for winning. As a matter of fact, they have come up with several bad names to call me. The most popular is "The Beard." They use it like this, "Oh look, The Beard is home." While this was annoying, it became more vexing when I started to use the term myself. If one of my "friends" was giving me a hard time, I would look them in the eyes and say, "The Beard demands your silence." (Psychology Moment: If you begin to refer to yourself only as a body part in the third person, see a doctor.)

This phase of my life has caused me to seek out bearded role models. It wasn't an easy task. The problem stems from the traditional depiction of Satan as a bearded guy with dark hair. Revisionist church history further complicates matters. BYU information police have removed facial hair from previously bearded church leaders such as Brigham Young and Karl Maeser. Logic dictates that all former church leaders will be stripped of their beards (with the possible exception of Lorenzo Snow), so I have been forced to look outside the General Authority department for my heroes. That leaves one with Donnie Osmond from the "Soldier of Love" era and Kenny Loggins from the "Footloose" era to look up to. That alone is enough to make a guy shave.

And that's just what I may do. You see, the novelty has started to wear off and the beard can get a bit itchy. What's more, I have learned that Ernest Wilkinson was right: a beard really does make you a bad person. Just last week I took six complementary mints at the Olive Garden. As a result, the art staff may have to make yet another cartoon of me in the near future.

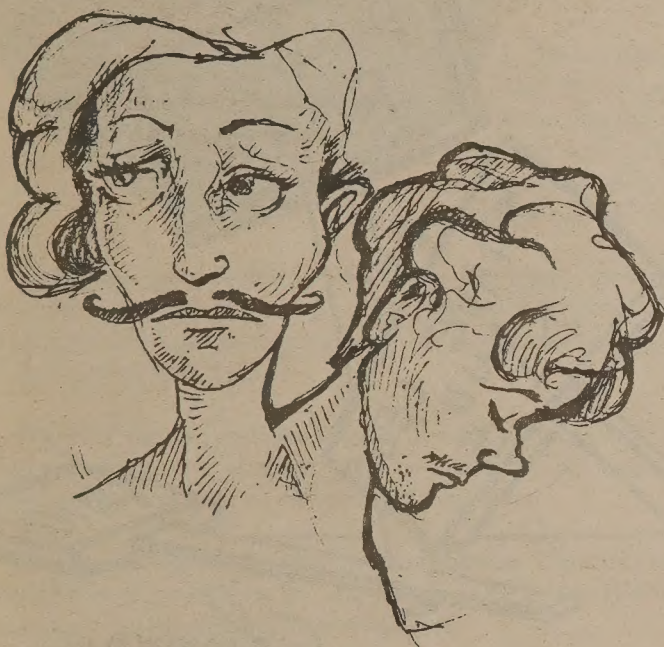
SEE "BEARD" ON NEXT PAGE

CONTINUED...

BEARD

But don't count the ol' beard out just yet, it is cold outside and my face has yet to get cold when I'm outside. Also, I haven't had a chance to do quite everything I have wanted to with the beard. So if you notice I have shaved, you'll know that I have had a sudden upturn in my social life.

Oh well, even if I lost my beard today it would have been worth it. It has allowed me to flaunt my manhood in front of all my peers and oppress my roommates. Unfortunately, facial hair does not suddenly give a person the ability to come up with snappy endings to humor columns. So you'll have to settle for this.



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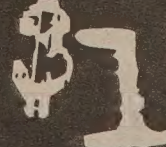
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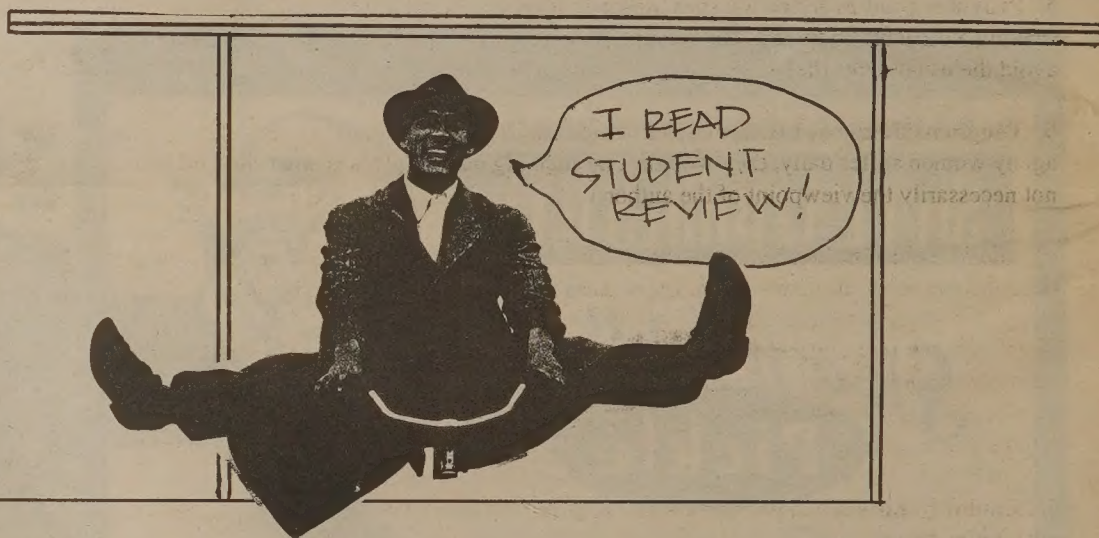
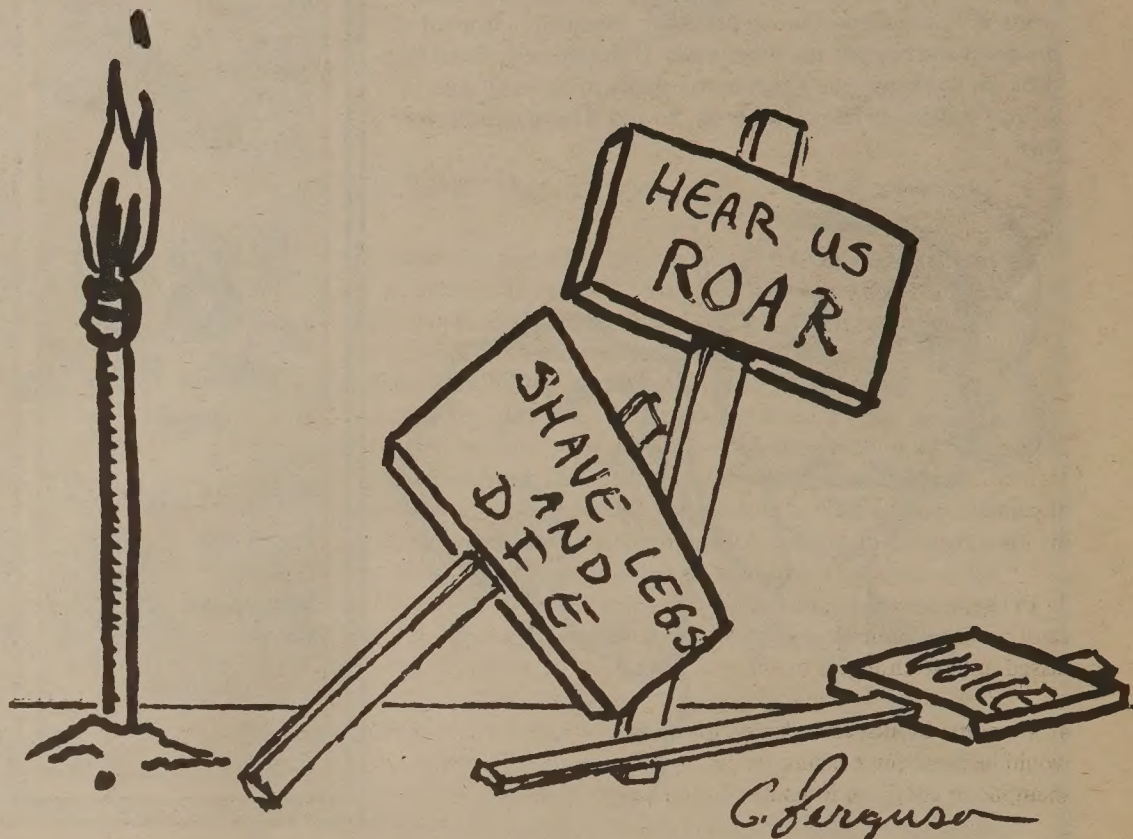
OUR JOURNEY INTO THE HEART OF DARKNESS: AN ENCOUNTER WITH VOICE

BY SUZANNA BOTT AND SARA DAUGHERTY

Upon hearing that members of VOICE had decided to protest the arrival of Clarence Thomas, we hesitantly entered 2084 JKHB where the protest was to begin. Sure, everyone had told us that VOICE was just real people, normal-looking BYU students. We slowly opened the heavy metal door and were immediately accosted by heavy, painted, bearded women beating each other with sticks. As we entered, we were tossed and tumbled until we found ourselves lying on a table, the face of a strange, jungle-like woman peering into ours. She pressed our eyes shut and we felt the cool application of face paint on our faces and necks. Then a sharp, piercing pain in the arm—the incision of a knife—swastikas on our arms. The initiation. They signed our names in the old, black-leather book with the blood they had squeezed from not only our arms, but from the heart of the man they had sacrificed last week (we heard it was Young Goodman Brown). We felt ourselves being yanked from the table by the skin of our stomach, still drowsy from the loss of blood, and thrown to the weapon training grounds. A semi-automatic was shoved into one hand, and a long javelin with a furry arrow was shoved into the other. We took target practice at shredded pictures of the Dittohead Conspiracy, and learned how to produce the cry of the fascist: “the Horror, the Horror!” Dressed in loin cloths, we marched covered with blood, war paint, and swastikas, and wearing extra rounds around our neck, like our demigod Rambo, to the site of battle: neutral territory.

Clarence Thomas. We were once again surprised that BYU had deviated from their original mission statement that it was essential to understand important ideas in their own cultural tradition as well as that of others. BYU had invited only one speaker in an attempt to fulfill that mission. Previously, there had been a request to have other speakers come and address students at BYU, namely Laurel Thatcher Ulrich, Pulitzer-Prize winner, first woman to get a chair at Harvard, and a strong, involved, dedicated LDS woman, but the request was rejected. Despite that, we were happy and honored that a Supreme Court Justice would be willing to come to our campus! And while he is a significant voice, there are other voices from other traditions that have just as much to teach. Ideally, we are a politically neutral school, and yet the speakers who have come to address students and faculty here have a distinctly conservative political slant. Our attempt to protest with VOICE (we are not members) was an attempt to grab the attention of the administration and challenge them to rethink the actions of Brigham Young University that do not accurately reflect the mission statement.

There were some, driving their BYU vehicles, who recognized our diabolical purposes and called us to repentance. The expression of their own secret hand signs, mainly the bird, certainly inspired us to drop our guns and arrows and return to the safety of the jungle where we could burn our bras and sacrifice our men in peace.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5...

POLL

Non-Long 'n Curly -Men

Jean-Luc Picard (by far the leader with four votes)
 *Brad Pitt (two “hate it” votes, one “love it”)
 *Keanu Reeves (two for his *Speed* hair and one for long)
 Brendan Fraser (in *School Ties*, not *Encino Man*—heck, I vote for all hair in *School Ties*)
 Bono (amen)
 Elvis Presley
 Robert Smith

Edward Scissorhands
 Chris Cornel (that’s my vote)
 *Robert Redford (I’ve always thought of Bob as a helmet-head guy. Go figure)
 Cary Grant
 James Dean
 Gary Oldman (this is my other vote. Gary, if you are reading, let me be your Nancy)
 *Julian Sands (also very popular on the “favorite butt” poll)
 *Gilbert Blythe (I don’t know what it is about *Anne of Green Gables* that causes people to become obsessed. I mean it’s cute and everything, but come on. Gilbert was a moron. Live in the now)

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Facial or Body Hair

Robin Williams’ back hair in *The Fisher King*
 Alec Baldwin’s chest hair
 Charles Barkley’s moustache
 Matt Workman’s beard
 Frank Zappa’s moustache and lip-thing

General Authorities with Nice Hair

Dallin H. Oaks
 Boyd K. Packer
 Neal A. Maxwell
 Jeffery Holland
 *Lorenzo Snow
 Heber J. Grant

(*=obvious choice, i.e. it has less to do with their hair than with their overall babitude)

There you go. Do with this list what you will.

Call SR at 371-8400 and let us know what you think of this or any article. Also, if you call, help me out with my own hair problem. I have wavy light brown hair which right now is shoulder length. It used to be long but I got sick of it and cut it off, but my sister says I should grow it back. Should I grow it out again? Let me know.

WHY MEN SHOULD SHAVE THEIR LEGS.

BY LYNETTE COX, I&O EDITOR

Have you ever wondered why men don't shave their legs? I have. I mean, there are really some good arguments in favor of men shaving their legs. So, in order to help SR readers become more informed about this issue, I and some of my friends from the Reading and Writing Center have compiled the following list of reasons why it would be advantageous if men shaved their legs.

1. Makes legs more aerodynamic.

Many men already shave for sports such as swimming and mountain biking. Not only does it cut down on wind resistance by leaving legs smooth and silky, but it rids men of the pain resulting from pulling off Band-Aids or medical tape.

2. Makes legs more sanitary. Who knows what kind of gook gets caught in all that hair? Men could go outside for a short time to play tackle football and come back with all sorts of parasites entangled in their leg hair. This is not clean or pleasant for anyone who comes in close contact with them.

3. Prevents matting and snarling. By shaving, all those nasty globs of leg hair that men can't seem to comb or wash out would be eliminated. No longer would they be embarrassed or have strangers on the street call them Benji.

4. Prevents blonds from going green in chlorine. If the hair were gone, swimming would be more fun because the worry of green leg hair and the need for money to buy shampoo to get rid of it would be eliminated.

5. Provides good practice for shaving their face. If men had to spend more time shaving a difficult body area, they would improve their skills. This would help them to avoid the usual nicks they get on their faces from lack of practice.

6. Toughens them up. My friend Kristy says that if men had to shave and go through the agony women suffer daily, they wouldn't be such big babies. (This is what she said and not necessarily the viewpoint of the author.)

7. Allows even tanning. Face it, all that hair obstructs the rays from the sun that give that beautiful tan glow. If the hair were gone, tanning speed would increase by at least 50%.

8. Won't itch when wearing tights (for men in drama, dance, or on Halloween), tight pants, or high socks. I know that when I don't shave for awhile, it really itches when my long socks or tights rub on the hair. So, shaving would give men the added comfort of freedom from itching caused by hair friction.

9. Similar to number 8, prevents static that results from wearing corduroy pants with hairy legs.

10. Easier and faster to dress because of less friction and resistance when putting on pants.

11. Helps men develop more pride in their legs. No longer will they have to worry or be embarrassed because they are too hairy or not as hairy as the next guy. Furthermore, the muscle tone of the calves will be much easier to show off.

12. Helps the advertising industry by providing them more body parts to exploit. Not only can they show women's bare legs, but men's legs will also be a desirable viewing piece.

13. It's cooler in the summer.

14. Helps men overcome the stigma of baldness because smoothness would become desirable. No longer would men feel inadequate because they are lacking hair up on top. Women as well as men will begin to take pride in the slick leg-skin look, and it will eventually evolve into a pride in slick skin on any part of the body.

15. Supports the equality movement by forcing men to realize the oppression women have been under all these years by being forced to shave. Because both sexes would be shaving, the world would become a better place.

16. Helps men who prefer women who shave their legs by deterring women from not shaving in order to protest inequality. No longer can women use the excuse that men don't have to shave in order to avoid shaving themselves.

17. Improves the quality of razors. Because top male executives in the razor industry would be shaving a larger, more difficult surface area than just the face, they would be more concerned about designing razors that are better suited to safely and effectively shave a leg.

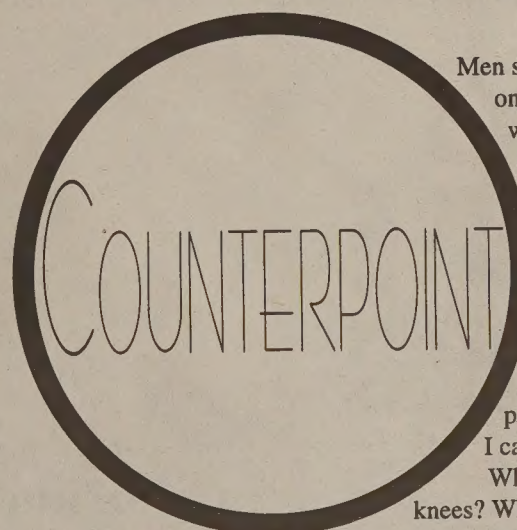
18. Hair shaved initially from male legs could be saved and recycled to create baskets, birds' nests, fertilizer, etc.

19. My friend Bryce said it the best, "What's sexy for women is sexy for men...sleek is always sexy."



COUNTERPOINT: WHY MEN SHOULD NOT SHAVE THEIR LEGS.

BY SUZANNE BENNER



Men shaving their legs? I don't think so. Not only would it make their legs cold, but how would we tell the difference between men and women (without removing clothing)? Seriously, the line between the genders is already obscure enough without removing leg hair. Leave it alone. Let it thrive. Take away leg hair and pretty soon we'll see women having voluntary mastectomies (breast-removal surgery). How am I supposed to follow the prophet's counsel against homosexuality if I can't even tell the difference?

Why cause men to worry about knobby knees? Why cause them to clog the shower drain? Why put them through the pain of additional razor burn?

Now, before you shout out, "Because they do it to us!", stop and think. Then go ahead and shout.

Unfortunately, the plain fact is men as a group will never start shaving their legs. They aren't *that* stupid (though sometimes we wonder). And I'm kind of glad—I have to admit, I *like* leg-hair. I think it's sexy. Give me hairy legs over shaved any day. Now, if I can just figure out if it's a man or a woman...



Calendar

If you have any additions to the calendar or any comments please call 371-8400 and leave a message there.

FILM

•International Cinema, 250 SWKT, 378-5751. Feb. 21-25: *Ikiru* (Japanese), *Day of Wrath* (Danish), *Umberto D.* (Italian); call for showtimes.
•Tower Theatre, 9th E & 9th S, SLC, 297-4041. Feb. 17-23: *To Live* (New Zhang Yimou film starring Gong Li) daily at 2:00 and 4:35 (starting Feb. 24 at 12:45 and 5:15 p.m.), *Hoop Dreams* daily at 7:00, (through Feb. 23), *The Secret Adventures of Tom Thumb* (if you crave a label you can call it grunge claymation) 12:15 and 10:15, *Plan Ten From Outer Space* (Comedy about mormons, sex, and aliens) starts Feb. 24 at 3:20, 7:45, and 9:35 p.m. (premiere Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:00).
•Movies 8, call 375-5667; eight great flicks for only \$1.50.
•Academy Theatre/Provo, 55N Univ., call 373-4470 for showtimes.
•Carillon Square/Orem, next to Ross, call 224-5112 for showtimes.
•Cineplex Odeon/Orem at Univ. Mall, call 224-6622 for showtimes.
•Central Square Theater/Provo, call 374-6061 for showtimes.
•Scera Theatre/Orem, 745S State, call 235-2560 for showtimes.
•Varsity Theatre/BYU Campus, call 378-3311 for showtimes.

CONCERTS

Steve Gillette and Cindy Mangsen, Feb. 24, at Park City Library and Education Auditorium, Park Ave. Show starts at 7:30 p.m. Tickets \$8. Call 581-1182 for ticket info.
Brooks and Dunn, Feb. 25, at Delta Center. Call SmithTix at 1-800-888-TIXX for ticket info.
Cinderella, Feb. 26, at Upper Country, 3500 S. Main. Tickets \$10 in advance or \$12 day of show. Call SmithTix at 1-800-888-TIXX
The Cult, Feb. 27, at Saltair. Call SmithTix at 1-800-888-TIXX.
Muir Quartet performing the Complete Beethoven Cycle at the Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U. March 1, 3, & 4. Call 581-7332 for ticket info.
The Queers, Anger Overload, and Power Tools for Girls, March 6, at Club DV8, 115 S. West Temple SLC. Call 539-8400 for tickets.
SeBADon, God Head Silo, State of the Nation, Stella Brass, March 2, at U of U ballroom. Tickets \$8 at Graywhale CD.
Soda Jerks, Tapestry Drive, Let's Go Bowling, Skankin' Pickle, Stetsch Armstrong and The Aquabats at the Ska Patricks Day concert, March 17, at UVSC. Tickets \$7.50 in advance at Sonic Garden or Crandall Audio.

THEATRE, DANCE, & CULTURE

•Dreamkeepers, a new opera commissioned by Utah Opera at BYU Museum of Art. Feb. 28 at 7:30 p.m. Free.

•Soni Ventorum Wind Quintet, Madsen Recital Hall, Feb. 23, at 7:30 p.m.

MUSEUM OF ART:

•CCA Christianson's Mormon Panorama: The beehive is beautiful. Now-Aug.
•150 Years of American Paintings: Now-Aug.

ESSENTIAL PHONE NUMBERS:

Utah Symphony, 533-NOTE
BYU Standards, 378-2847
UTAH JAZZ, 355-DUNK
The Garrens, 379-8888
The Marines, 374-1314
Hansen Planetarium, 538-2098
Lenito's, 377-8226
Krishna Temple, 798-3559
Pueblo Nuestro Folklore, 773-7104
IRS Questions, 800-829-1040
Mama's Cafe, 373-1525
Avalon Theatre, Murray, 226-0258
LeMars Nightclub, 373-9014
Hale Theatre, Orem, 226-8600
Mr. Rub Massages (full body), 226-6555
Dial-A-Story, 379-6675
Ask-A-Nurse, 377-8488
Big D's Pawn Shop, 763-0791
Orrin Hatch, 375-7881
Sonic Garden, 373-SONIC
Dime Arcade, 373-7555
UTA, 375-4636
DMV, 800-451-6496
SmithTix, 800-888-TIXX
Testing Center, 378-6129
Lenito's (Orem), 221-8226
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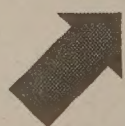
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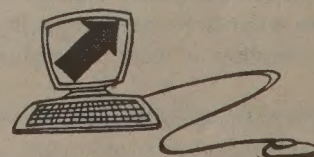
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